

*Prince.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaffe*'s Sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of *England* but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seauen yeare before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold Purces.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

*Fal.* My owne Knee; when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and grieve, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was sir *John braby* from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the North *Percy*, and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the *Diuell* his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O *Glendower*.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes *Douglas*, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* Hee that rides at high speed, and with a Pistoll killeth a Sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prince.* So did he neuer the.

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath runne.

*Prince.* Why what a rascall running?

*Fal.* A horse-backe (yee C) budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinc

*Fal.* I grant ye, vpon instinc *Mordake*, and a thousand ble away by night, thy fathers bea you may buy Land now as che

*Prin.* Then 'tis like, if there buffering hold, wee shall buy L nailes, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Masse lad, thou good trading that way. But tell teard? thou being Heire appa out three such enemies again *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower*. doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Not awhit yfaith: I ha

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be he thou comest to thy Father: answere.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for m the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this C ger my Scepter, and this Cush

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for ter for a leaden Dagger, and thy tifull bald Crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of C now shalt thou be moued. Giu mine eyes looke redde, that i For I must speake in passion, vaine